

Sixteen

by LeytonFan4Eva

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Summary: Peyton becomes friends/lovers with a troubled young man named Colton, the two participate in drugs&sex and petty crime. As Peyton transforms herself and her identity, her world becomes a boiling, emotional cauldron fueled by new tensions between her and Lucas -as well as, teachers and old friends. Will Lucas be able to save her this time? Collaboration with PSawyerLove.

1. Chapter 1 Prologue (teaser)

Hey guys this is just a teaser for a story that I'm going to post tomorrow, it's called Sixteen and Peyton becomes friends/lovers with a troubled young man named Toby, the two participate in drugs&sex and petty crime.

As Peyton transforms herself and her identity, her world becomes a boiling, emotional cauldron fueled by new tensions between her and her father-as well as, teachers and old friends. Will Lucas be able to save her this time?

I hope that you feel excited by it let me know your ideas. I feel so inspired!

Here is a little sneak preview:

***Peyton your starting to scare me&seriously you need to stop were all worried about you' she feels her frustration build and begins to reckon she might even explode. She wants to shout at him, have a tantrum and beat her hands on the ground like a toddler. She wants to vent, let it out, but she doesn't want to say words she doesn't mean, be hurtful&but then let's herself think about him choosing Brooke over her and triggering her into all of this in the first place.

***It's just so easy to be cruel in this moment and then the damage is done. So many times she'd wanted to unsay things, take it back. But

now she could care less what the hell he thinks about her.**

**The sarcastic giggle she let out rolled about the room like a child's spinning top, not vibrant or light hearted but forced and cold. And she watched his angelic features contort into a pained expression. As he took a heavy step towards her until he was practically in her face cupping her cheeks. **

'Peyt please you gotta stay away from Colton' that was what made her go rigid with fury and she made sure to hit him verbally where she knew it would hurt the most.

**'It's not going to fucking happen Lucasâ€|I can do what I wantâ€|when I want and with whoever I want because your nothing' she shoved hard against his chest but he stood there like a brick wall and no matter how hard she tried he wouldn't budge. **

'Colton is worth more than you'll ever be Lucas Scott, and whatever happened in the past between me and you don't mean shit anymore' she seethed her lips quirking up in a spiteful smile as she watched his blue orbs flare with rage.

She didn't wait back to hear what he would say next. It was irrelevant all she cared about was Toby or so she thought. She grabbed her black purse of her bed and stopped in her bedroom doorway to look back at his frozen form.

'Lock up when you're done' she spatâ€|and then she was gone.

I hope your hooked and updates for my other fics will be coming soon. Probably a few tomorrow. Tell me what you think.

LeytonFan4Eva xxx

2. Chapter 2 I to die, You to live

AUGUST 29th 2003

She wasn't a little girl anymore and she never would be again. No longer did she hang on to her long departed mom's words or want to be just like her. Now their similarities irked her and she was determined to be as different as possible. Her muddy green eyes gawked at her reflection in the mirror tucking a loose flaxen curl behind her ear before applying her MAC cello pink gloss to her perfect cupid bow lips. She pushed down the knowledge of the fact that Brooke and Lucas were literally out on the dance floor grinding it up while Nathan and Haley were too busy making out to notice her departure. She was gonna sneak away from them and make a break for it while they weren't looking. She hadn't felt like coming here tonight as it was. But Brooke had practically dragged her all the way. Who would want to watch their best friend swapping sliver with the guy that you were in love with...that was just a huge fat NO. Lucas had offered to give her his heart, body and soul pretty much all of him and like an idiot she had told him no because she was too frightened to commit to anything.

**_And if she thought that was the worse case scenario her best friend of ten years Brooke Davis had to snake in on him too, knowing of her all consuming feelings for him. She had shown so much

restraint around him it was unbelievable. When all she wanted to do was grab him, and kiss him so hard that he would be seeing stars for the rest of his life. She moved away from the mirror that she had been occupying in the ladies room and walked out into the blaring club that was TRIC. Her eyes shot to those of her friends who had long since tired of dancing and were now currently sitting in a booth with martinis. No surprise Brooke and Lucas all over each other. His lips brush hers. Not innocently, like a tease but hot, fiery, passionate and demanding. She wants to scream at the pair of them. Shout from the top of her lungs that Lucas was hers first. But she can't...it's never that easy without the drama that would follow. She stared at the pair her eyes filled with hate and jealousy, in one of her hands was a plum purple bag and in the other the hand of the boy who stole her heart and had never given it back, oh how she envied her._**

The heartbreak in her chest feels cold. It feels like concrete drying in her chest. This heartbreak was unexpected, as they always are - top of the world one minute and cut down the next. Why is that? was there some part of him that hated to see her happy when he was miserable? There are only so many times he can break her heart - and she's done letting him add more fuel to the fire. She won't be that girl anymore...the girl hung up on a boy she could never have. She was done being the black sheep of the group. Lucas had changed...and was among one of the most popular guys in school now next to his brother younger Nathan. She barely had anything in common with them anymore, she had to make a decision.

**_ And she had made it...She didn't bother telling them she was leaving...they wouldn't acknowledge her anyway...so she set her plan to flee in motion and left the roaring nightclub. She was stone cold sober now. Much more in a decent frame of mind than she had been in earlier. She stepped down the long winding metal stairs, mentally reminding herself to bring an extra pair of shoes next time because the eight inch stiletto heels she was wearing was doing her feet in. Sitting down on one of the metal steps she unbuckled the strap and removed them. There was no way she was allowing herself to be in this much physical pain while her emotional state was literally hanging by a thread. The heels were long enough to gauge someone skull in...they were deadly. Letting out a breathy laugh at her internal thinking she got to her feet and started treading along the stone concrete.

_**

'Hey Lady' she heard a voice say to her that she didn't quite recognize. She furrowed her arched blond brows...she was no woman. She was a sixteen year old girl. But it didn't stop the butterflies of excitement that soared through her at being thunk of as an adult. What could she say, she looked the part of a twenty year old dressed down in form fitting leather pants and tight fitting black vest top reading 'I wanna bone' on it. A private joke between her and Brooke that to be honest most people would get. She turned around reluctantly to be met with a man no doubt probably twenty one years of age. He's wearing a brown topcoat, a little too small for him - it must pinch under the arms. His eyes shine at her, brown also and small, like raisins dark with an emotion that she can't quite place, but she's almost positive she doesn't like it...it seems demonic, twisted. His hands were gloveless, dark hair on the knuckles.

**_'What?' she asked pushing fear she could feel festering to the

very bottom of her gut. If there was anything she was good at it was at hiding her fear with a poker face. Something she had learned while playing card games with her father when he wasn't away at sea._**

**'I don't mean to stare your just...so fucking sexy'****She could feel the heat growing in her cheeks. By now they must be beyond an attractive rosiness. They must be marking her out as a social incompetent. She felt as if all her insecurities were writ large across her face and there was nowhere to hide. As her anxieties mounted they became a circle, like a song stuck on repeat. It was uncomfortable. 'Thank you' she murmured turning away from this weird individual. **

**What he did next she hadn't even seen coming from a mile off. He gripped her forearm roughly, like a rabid animal prancing on it's prey. H****e slammed his lips to her and nearly knocked all the wind from her lungs. She could tell this stranger was drunk by the alcohol she could taste in his mouth. She made a noise of protest pushing hard against him as he continued to grope her more violently. She stiffened when a hard thunk sounded the hollow air and the man went limp in her arms before dropping to the floor. **

**She was left gasping for breath her eyes staring at the man's limp form on the floor. The man who had just attacked her. And her pale green eyes looked up to get lost in eyes ****That glistened brightly, cold and metallic, rivalling the most excellently polished suit of armor. The sclerae that surrounded them were pristine, untouched by red. They were pure. They were cold. They were...beautiful.**

**Running her eyes over her savior, she felt a breath catch in her throat. ****The boy wore a tight fitting shirt and black trousers, accompanied by a blue hunter jacket much similar to the one Lucas owned. However,he got better the more she looked. His rich chocolate hair that had tousled grime which promised finesse. He had strong arched brows and eyelashes so thick, it could be illegal. He was mysterious yet sexy.****He had distinct cheekbones and an angular jaw, his tanned skin making him look devilishly handsome.**

**Tall, dark and handsome. And if she hadn't known the possibility of vampires existing to be impossible she would've sworn hands down that he was one. **

**'You okay?' his gruff voice made her the hairs on the back of her neck stand on end. She watched him in shock her heart hammering in her ears as he approached her placing a calloused hand on her arm snapping her out of her trance. She watched as a cute and coy smile tugged at his features and that same heat from earlier rose to her cheeks embarrassed that she had been caught openly checking him out. It felt like a magnet was pulling her to him.** _**That same static she had felt with Lucas coming back to haunt her again only not with Lucas, that crackling in the air that's always happened whenever someone has an attraction to somebody. Enough that she's a little afraid for her life, like, if his hand brushes her, one or both of them would be instantly electrocuted. **_

_**'Yea...Yeah thank you' she just about managed to get out. As she found her breathing evening out again, she watched as his storm grey

eyes drifted to her bare feet. 'Nice shoes' she stared at him still at a loss for words. Then found that her sarcasm had returned to her like a move she could place on the dot. 'Whatever' was all she said before turning from him and making off towards her comet. 'I saved your life' she heard him say from behind her with light humor in his voice. She turned back to him fire in her eyes. 'What do you want a trophy?' she challenged. And was shocked by what he did next and how forward he was being.**_

** His kiss stole the words she didn't need to say. In that silence all of her secrets were laid bare, all of her passions and the spark of love that existed between her and Lucas instantly flying out the window. In that moment she was strong, independent...free. One kiss and she had the courage to do what had to be done. It wasn't rough like the knocked out man's one on the floor only a few centimeters from them but a soft yet firm...like a promise. **

**When he pulled away her eyes were still closed. And she heard his deep voice whisper to her. 'You have a good night now'. When she opened her eyes he was gone. And she hadn't seen him again since.**

PRESENT TIME

That had happened a mere three weeks ago and she hadn't been able to get the face of her savior out of her head. Hell he was even plaguing her dreams. She had done as her gut had told her and completely cut her former friends off. Her feelings for Lucas still strong and intact...she knew she had to stay away at all cost because she didn't know what she would do otherwise. She didn't trust herself. She had been avoiding him like the plague. She didn't see why he had to make this harder than it was. He had a choice and he chose Brooke, as far as she was concerned he couldn't have it both ways.

She now currently resided in her classroom getting ready for her History lesson with Mr Tanner unfortunately for her it was a class she shared with Lucas and his fucking disciples.

Her nerves were frayed to the quick. In her building anxiety were her constructed elaborate rationalizations for why everything would turn out alright, but still the nagging voice in the back of her mind spoke of nothing but doom ahead. She had a feeling everything was about to change today, she didn't know why but it was like a feeling she couldn't quite shake. There's change, she can sense it, feel it. For once she doesn't regret the day before it begins because for the first time in a long time...she feels good.

Something was coming and something big.

She had been too deep in thought to notice Lucas enter the classroom along with her other former friends Nathan, Haley, Brooke, Skills, Mouth and along with her not so much friends Bevin and big red Rachel. Either that or she had chosen to ignore them. Once everyone was settled, class had begun. 'The comet originally discovered nearly five centuries ago hasn't been over Tree Hill in almost one hundred and fifty five years, now the comet will be it's brightest right after dusk during tomorrows celebration basketball game' she was in her own little daze barely listening when the door swung open and the boy that walked in had her flabbergasted.

She feels her heart pick up pace in her chest, her hand clasping her pen so hard her knuckles turned white. 'Guys, gals this here is Colton Glass he just transferred here from Idaho' her breath catches as his grey eyes drift to hers a light smolder taking over his features. It seemed that he remembered her too, clear as bell.

'Take a seat in the desk behind Miss Sawyer' Mr Tanner said and she watched the tall brunette shuffle from his place in the doorway. And take the empty desk behind her. She turned slowly to look back at him as Mr Tanner spoke on. Their eyes meeting and for a second it felt like it was just the two of them. 'Hi' she watched him mouth and a light smile graced her features.

'Hey' she mouthed back.

'Mr Glass...am I interrupting something?' the pair snapped their eyes back to the front where Mr Tanner stood hand on his hips. 'Peyton?' she shook her head mutely a little embarrassed that she had been caught. Unbeknownst to her Lucas was watching the whole scene unfold before him the jealousy eating him alive...he had just decided that he hated this new kid...Cole or whatever his name was.

'Anyway among other things who can tell me when the Civil rights act was?' the class was silent but Colton piped up. '1964' there was a stunned silence throughout the classroom as the teacher stared at him in shock. 'J. F Kennedy assassination?' yet again he knew the answer '1963' this boy, this small town Idaho hot shot was a smart ass...she should've known. She just sat there completely blown away.

A warm fuzzy feeling filling her. The whole class started clapping as Mr Tanner looked on smitten with a huge grin on his face. The only one who wasn't clapping was Lucas. He was watching Peyton's interaction's with this Idaho boy now known to him as Colton his hand tightened into fists. And something he refuse to classify as jealousy coursing through him. Peyton also didn't clap turning as she looked back at him her expression shocked.

She turned her body back to the front, one thing for certain this guy had definitely made her feel intrigued. It seemed the thing she thought was coming was here...practically at her doorstep metaphorically speaking, one thing for certain though she had a feeling she was gonna like Colton being here.

* * *

><p>AN: There is the promised first chapter of the story. Colton has already made such a huge impression on Peyton...it's all staring. Lucas needs to get him away from her. Read and Review. Until next time.

LeytonFan4Eva xx

3. Chapter 2 And Then there were two

Chapter 2

The bell rang loud and shrill, cutting through the peaceful classroom, signaling the end of history class. Peyton jumped up as soon as the bell pierced her concentration on the sketch she'd been

working on during the silent study time. She'd noticed Lucas stealing funny glances at her all period and it bothered the hell out of her that he thought looking at her like that was okay. He'd chosen Brooke, not Peyton, so why was he allowed to keep looking at her like she was some distant thing he couldn't have? He had chosen not to have her.

>A small smile formed on her pretty face as she got to her feet and gathered her books. She felt a new set of eyes on her and her heart rate quickened as she stole a glance at the mysterious Idaho boy sitting behind her, his smolder boring into her soul.
"So," she began as she straightened up, flipping on her flirtatious Peyton Sawyer smirk. She could hardly believe the good mood she'd been in since he showed up, not to be tainted by Lucas's unwelcome stare. "How come you're so smart, huh?" She raised her eyebrows at Colton, turning on the charm she knew she possessed.

>Colton shrugged nonchalantly and cracked his own heartbreaking smirk. "We already covered that stuff back in Idaho. And seriously, who doesn't know when Kennedy was killed? That's like fifth grade!" He laughed, a wonderful sound from deep in his chest, and stood, gathering his own stuff into his backpack. He threw the strap over his broad shoulder and started toward the door, scrutinizing a pink slip of paper that contained his schedule.
Peyton hurried to follow him. "Hey no need to make fun. What are your classes?" She grabbed his arm and they both froze at the sudden contact. She met his eyes for a moment before nervously breaking from the trance and taking his paper. They laughed together when they discovered they shared three classes, and the tension from a moment ago dissipated. "This should be fun." Peyton teased as she lead him down the hallway to the physics lab where their next class was held.

>"I hope so." He rumbled. Maybe she was imagining it, but something in his gaze read more than simple flirting, and she felt a wave of uneasiness.
After introducing him to the teacher, she lead him to the back table. This class had free seating and she always chose the back where she could brood by herself, only now she wasn't by herself. Aside from the inexplicable feeling of doom she had, she felt comfortable with Colton, like she had some strange connection with this boy that was drawing her close to him and she had no clue where it was coming from. She wasn't sure if it was because he'd saved her life a mere three weeks ago, or if it was because she was genuinely attracted to him, but either way, she was liking this guy and hoping that maybe she'd found a friend that would actually give a shit about her.

>She mentally scolded herself for jumping too far ahead: she knew nothing about this guy. What if he was just another asshole like Lucas or Nathan? What if he was just going to toy with her emotions or use her for his own wants? But what if | what if he was going to be sweet and genuine like Jake? She craved to have that again. She wanted a friendship like the one she'd shared with Jake that was special and real, and if it budded into romance again, then that would just be an added bonus. But then she remembered: people always leave, right? What if she got close to him only for him to leave like everyone else?
The 'what ifs' chasing each other around in a whirlwind in her mind were almost making her dizzy. She shook her head to clear it and tried to block out the unpleasant thoughts threatening to taint her decent mood. She was so tired of feeling negative, she needed something to lift her spirits, so she decided then and there to at least try to form a friendship with Colton Glass, no matter how her senses screamed at her that something was about to go downhill again.

>Peyton's spirits fell when Haley and Nathan entered the Physics

room. She'd almost forgotten that they shared his class with her because they were always so absorbed in each other they hardly noticed her at all. Now though, since her sudden unexplained departure from Tric and her last few weeks spent avoiding everyone, they gazed at her as if she were some animal in a zoo, or some mysterious anomaly they'd never encountered. As much as she blamed them for their disconnection, she also missed her friends terribly, and she blamed herself because she knew she could get them back if she tried, but she was too stubborn. Her pride was too important to sacrifice for friendships she hardly felt involved or loved in anyway.<p>

She also didn't feel loved by them, or anyone for that matter, at all. She felt like no one loved her enough to stay with her, no one loved her enough to see how she was doing, though she'd checked up on everyone else countless times. Yes, she missed her friends, but she did not miss feeling unimportant to people who were important to her, so she ignored them. She ignored them all.

The day passed by faster than she'd liked and soon it was time to go home. Peyton was really enjoying showing Colton around the school and spending time with him. At lunch he'd asked if she could introduce him to anyone, and she'd felt a swell of anxiety. She didn't have friends to introduce him to anymore, and for a second she thought maybe Colton would be done with her the minute he'd found out she was alone, that she was a loser, but to her surprise and pleasure, he'd just laughed and told her he'd always been a loner too, and that they could be loners together. They sat alone with each other at the far side of the quad, learning more about each other and enjoying the other's company. Peyton learned that Colton, like her, enjoyed old music and classic cars. She mentioned that she was an artist, but when he'd asked to see her art she'd flat out refused.

"That's cool, can I see?" He asked, interest sparked.

"No!" She snapped, her hand flying to her backpack where one of her sketchbooks lay protected by the thin canvas material. "Wow, I'm sorry." She said in shock when she realized how snippy she'd sounded. "They're really just private, okay?"

"I get it." He was so cool and collected, and she couldn't believe how chill he was about her sudden bitchy attitude. "I got stuff I wouldn't show anyone too."

She felt bad that she'd already been a bitch, though truly she'd had that covered three weeks ago when she'd practically blown him off after he'd saved her. She wondered about him: he was so mysterious, and not that he'd said he had secrets she was even more intrigued. What did he have to hide from her? From everyone?

Her mind was on him all day, wondering about his history, home life, why he'd come to the small town of Tree Hill and much more. She was even more zoned out than usual in all, her classes, and she didn't even bother to get out her sketchbook like she usually did.

"Miss Sawyer!" Her English teacher barked. The one class she shared with all her ex-friends and not Colton. Her cheeks heated up in embarrassment as she straightened up and met the teacher's intense glare.

"Yessir?" She answered, tumbling over her words as she felt the eyes of her ex-friends scrutinizing her.

"Care to pay attention for once?" The teacher remarked, with an angry smirk.

"Yes sir." She averted her eyes and opened the playbook they were reading aloud in class, tears of embarrassment pricking at her eyes. She forced them back, not willing to let anyone see her cry from something so stupid, but the truth was: she'd always been a cry baby, and everyone knew it. She was determined to stay strong and stoic around her old group. She was not going to be weak. _

She met with and lead Colton to his next classes, glad for the escape from strict teachers, and met him near the library at the end of the day. "So your first day at THHS is over. How was it?" She wondered, hoping he wouldn't ask about her day.

"Well, it was school." He said sarcastically, implying that it was awfully tedious.

"Tell me about it." She replied with equal sarcasm.

"So how was your day?" Of course he would ask.

"Eh." Was all she responded with, and he raised his eyebrows at her with a doubtful, intense smirk. She met his gaze with equal intensity, her sylvan eyes meeting his gunmetal ones.

He was the first to break away, shaking his head as if to clear it, before heading toward the door with her scrambling after him, breaking out of her reverie.

They walked to the parking lot together from their last class. Her shoulder brushed against his due to their close proximity, and she jumped, feeling the electricity between them. She hadn't felt that in a long time, but here it was, real and obvious.

>Lucas was watching them from one of the picnic tables where he waited for Brooke. He couldn't explain the jealousy that welled up inside him, threatening to consume him completely. He knew damn well that he had given up on Peyton and moved on to Brooke. It was his fault he didn't have her, so why did he still feel like she belonged to him? Like she was his to protect? That should be him brushing up against her, openly flirting, laughing.
Lucas snapped out of his focus on the subject of his infatuation when he heard the raspy voice of his beautiful girlfriend Brooke Davis. "Hey broody."

>"Hey cheery." He responded as Brooke skipped into his line of sight, breaking his gaze away from Peyton. He focused on Brooke as she perched on the table before him and grabbed the back of his neck, pulling his lips to hers. Soon, with Brooke's distraction, Peyton was the last thing on Lucas's mind.
"So you wanna hang out?" Peyton asked Colton back at the car. She chewed on her bottom lip nervously as she peered up at him, approaching her 1963 Mercury Comet. Her car was one of her few confidence boosters. Few teenagers (though one of which was Lucas with his Fastback) could say they drove a classic to school every day, and she liked to think that it made her interesting, especially to Colton.

"Sweet car," he said, running a hand over the hood, "and sure, where to?" He responded, turning his smolder on her and seeing deep into

her soul the way Lucas's used to. That made her uneasy: No one else had ever looked at her the way Lucas had, and she didn't like that another person was breaking down her carefully constructed walls.

Her heart fluttered in her chest as she gazed up into his gorgeous storm cloud-colored eyes. She wasn't sure if it was too soon to take him to her house, but at the same time she knew there wasn't much to do around Tree Hill, so she decided to take the plunge. "My house? I have a sweet vinyl collection and some video games." She was secretly hoping he'd suggest something else.

"Sounds good to me." He smirked, looking all too smug but handsome and alluring at the same time. And her heart sped for the millionth time that day, an all new nervousness taking over her emotions.

* * *

><p>AN: Hey guys this chapter is by PSawyerLove let both of us know what ya think.

LeytonFan4Eva and PSawyerlove xx

End
file.